05/08/2020 The Cultch



Log in | Sign up







## The Cultch

















The last ray of the sun had died out leaving the room bathed in dim candlelight.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door, and a voice. Though he words were indistinguishible,

Evans recognized the speaker without thought. It was Devon.

This guy knew how to seperate weeds from soil.

Evans heard the gun being cocked behind his door. Guess noone was safe in this day and age.

He dropped the pen on the desk, the light of the candle reflected on his name grafted on the hilt.

He quickly touched the wick with his fingers to put out the lights. The pug rised his years, as if it knew it was time to go on a small mission

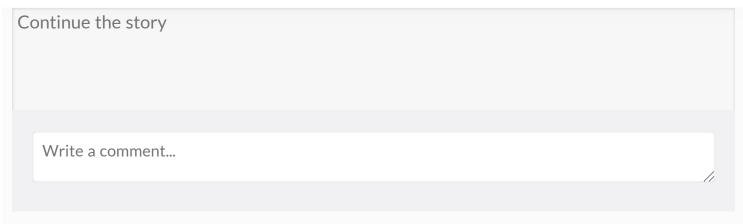
## Write a draft for chapter 2 of 12

1 You need to login before writing - click here

See more of Story Wars

or

Create new account



About | Rooms | Feedback | 🚹 🔘 💟

See more of Story Wars

Login or Create new account